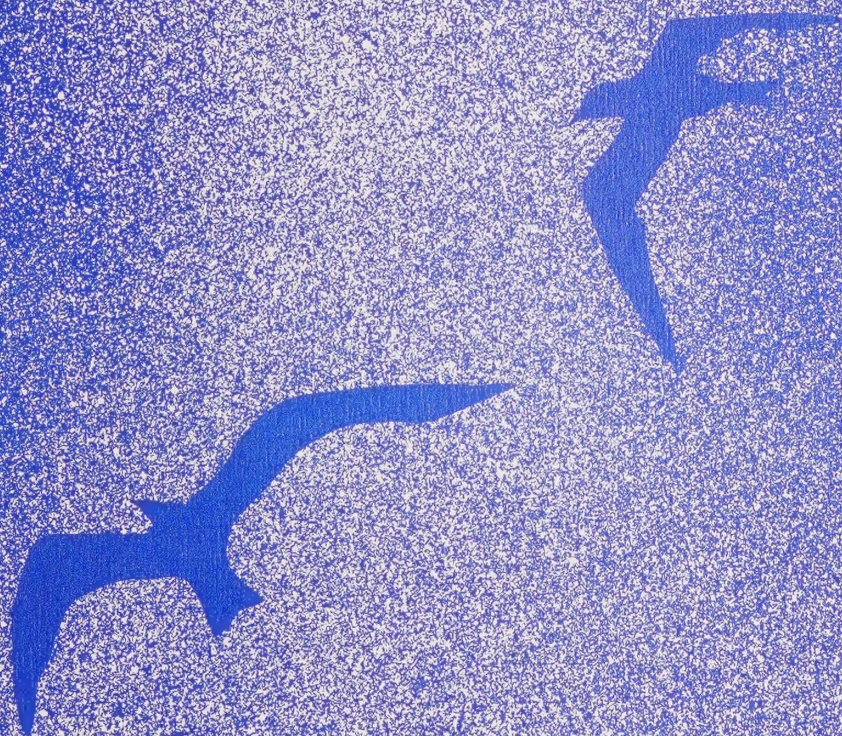
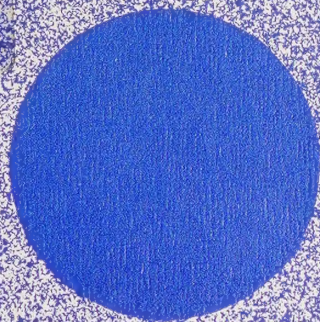


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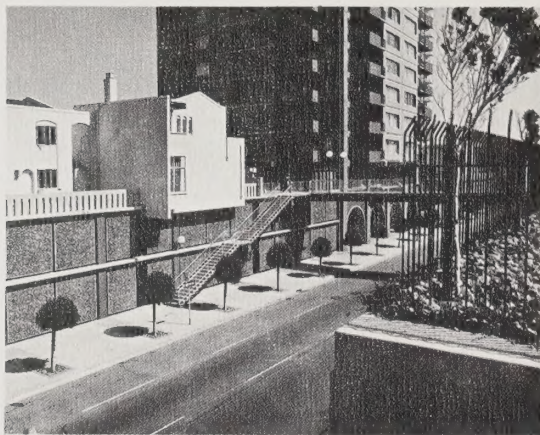
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San Francisco
REDEVELOPMENT
AT YOUR FEET



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Stroll Through Five Redevelopment Highlights in San Francisco

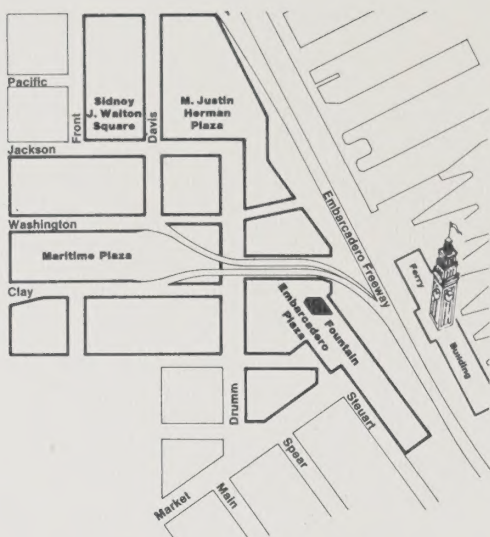
**with
Margot Patterson Doss**

**The San Francisco Chronicle's
Celebrated Columnist and
Author of
"San Francisco
At Your Feet"**

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In Praise of Water

(November 28, 1971)

By Margot Patterson Doss

Even as Coit Tower had its many detractors and survived to become well-loved, like it or not, the controversial Vaillancourt Fountain is going to

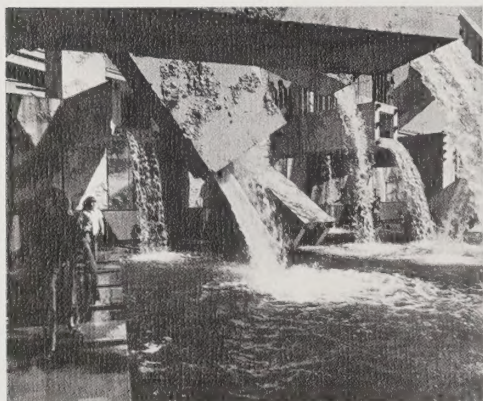
become one of San Francisco attractions. And for the simplest of reasons. It is a celebration of water.

Anyone who really gets with it, climbs up it, walks through it, indeed, experiences the jubilation of the water, it soon becomes obvious what sculptor Armand Vaillancourt has created. From the inside looking out, it's sensational!

To make this walk, transport yourself in the direction of the Ferry Building, where the Embarcadero meets what I described a scant ten years ago as the bitter end of Market street. Except for that persistent double headache band of elevated freeway, it is bitter at this end no longer.

More than a dozen of the city's public bus and streetcar lines converge on or pass the Ferry Building, a legacy from its heyday as the hub of the bay.

Walk to the square bollards that prevent cars from leaping off Market street into Justin Herman Plaza. At the outset take a good look off the right down Steuart street. It is famous in San Francisco annals first for the ship chandleries, some of which still exist here, and later as the site of the Preparedness Day bombing of 1916 which led to that odd miscarriage of justice we remember as the Mooney-Billings case.





Notice how many people come to sun or lunch on the green grass in the sunshine near the poplars, pines and plane trees. There is good wood and concrete street furniture. Some of the benches are free-standing. Others are attached to the concrete retaining walls, many of whose ledges, as hundreds of workers who come here brown-bagging it have discovered, are also a good height for sitting.

Come along here at noon and a catering truck will be briskly dispensing sandwiches. Bicyclists may scorch through. Hard hats intermingle with business suits. There are often Frisbee players. Sometimes an old man counts a pack of transfers he has collected. An old golden girl in pale wig, caramel dress and palomino boots may pass. Odd combinations of blue collar long hairs come by, wearing their levis like badges of office.

Look to the left and this kaleidoscope of people, colorful as it is, diminishes compared to the cluster that usually surrounds the big blocky Vaillancourt Fountain.

Walk toward it, stepping down as the levels change, and notice how it seems to shift your interest from the shape of the spouts (my only criticism is that these could better have been round in this place where everything nearby seems so square) to the textures as you near. Then suddenly one finds oneself enmeshed in the symphony of water.

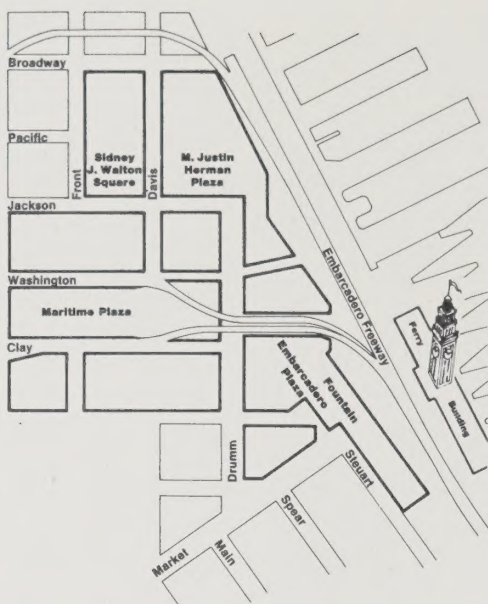
Sit awhile on the fountain ledge and play count

the spouts. So subtle is the interplay, this is difficult to do. When you think you have counted them all, walk to the right to find those big square concrete stepping stones in the water.

Be bold. Take the venture. Step out on one. Then the next. Notice the big brassy scuppers near at hand. Whether the pad underfoot is wet or not, the stepping stones are so well correlated to the rushing gushers around that one can walk under and among the falls without getting wet, a return to childhood's challenge of every waterfall in the world. Look at each spout as you go, at its textured arms, the way the water emerges, the discolorations that are already enhancing the foamy excrescences on the concrete.

When you emerge, go round to the back to find yet other methods of playful water movement. Water oozing, welling up, dripping, dribbling. Water splishing and splashing. Climb up on the staircase, walk out into the upper level and look across at the counterparty projection arm on the other side. How many thousands of tourist photographs will be shot from this point is anyone's guess.

Remember Robert Southey's whimsical poem of the Cataract of Lodore as you walk: water "re-treating and beating and meeting and sheeting enlaving and straying and playing and spraying," for this is not only the way that the water comes down at Lodore, it is also the way of water everywhere. Including the Vaillancourt Fountain.



Under an Arch and Through the Golden Gateway

(June 11, 1967)

By Margot Patterson Doss

If contemporary art is one of your enthusiasms, come for a walk today in the Golden Gateway. Here as each additional piece of sculpture is positioned or painting selected, it becomes increasingly apparent that a distinguished collection enhances the Gateway's lobbies and its plazas.

Begin this walk in Sidney Walton square, Pacific and Front streets, a private park, like the famous Gramercy square in New York.

Although you may not have thought of it that way, there are three works of art here. One is the old brick Columbo arch salvaged as a memento of the produce district which once occupied this site. One is the contoured land itself, a delight to children who roll down its handsome berms. The third is Francois Stahly's "Fountain of the Four Seasons," which is actually a clock.

Residents nearby can tell time by the rise and fall of water within an hour cycle.

Redevelopment director Justin Herman, whose townhouse looks down on the square, finds it is also a good weather vane. He says "It tells me which way the wind is blowing." A handy attribute for anyone in public life.

From the square, cross Jackson street to Bucke-

low House lobby to see a wood sculpture by Alvin Light and two oil paintings, "Raccoon Straits" by David Simpson and "Austerity" by Ralph Ducas. Then walk east on Jackson to the Davis Street Court where the eye-catcher is a Bufano — stone penguins. Downtown businessmen have discovered the pleasures of outdoor dining at noon at Carlo's Gourmet here.

Zig across the court to the William Heath Davis lobby to see a group of paintings, among them a stunning Nancy Genn, on display for selection. Then zag back to Macondray House lobby where there is a striking wood sculpture "Oval 1963" by D. Faralla and an oil, "Lemon Drop" by Keith Boyle. The sculpture that screens Washington street is by Betonform.

Return to Jackson and walk east. (That queue of people are happy buyers who have come to pick up their purchases from the KQED auction, held this year in a vacant store area here). Just beyond 55 Jackson, climb the stairs which lead up to Iron Ship Plaza to see the fountain by Aires Dimetrius.

Look around to see the views, elegant street furniture and plants, then walk west across the bridge over Davis street to reach Whaleship Plaza. The name, like others here in the Golden Gateway, was chosen by Maritime Museum director Karl Kortum to commemorate ships left here during the Gold Rush.

Walk west to see the Jacques Overhoff sculpture in Bostonship Plaza. As you walk, notice the three styles of townhouses. The straightforward ones were designed by DeMars and Reay. The peak-roofed ones with bay windows are by Wurster, Bernardi and Emmons. Anshen and Allen did those with balconies and arabesque fireplaces.





Retrace your path to Whaleship Plaza and walk south to take the footbridge across Washington street that leads to the Alcoa building.

Walk toward the bay to envision a trail, park and art gallery under the freeway pilings. If Landscape designer Lawrence Halprin's suggestion is adopted, from this landing it would be possible to walk down to greenery, then through a parkway reserved for walkers to the Ferry Park.

Look southeast to find the site of the controversial 60 story building, then go around the bank to find a plaza to be graced by a bronze by Marini, a peacock fantail fountain by Woodward, Taranto and Wallace, and an aluminum creation by Jan Peter Stern.

Circle the stunning Alcoa building (only the die-hards really insist it looks like the box the Crown-Zellerbach building came in) to find another public plaza. It too, gets three sculptures, a bronze "Icosahedron" by Charles O. Perry and the impressive "Winged Victory" of Henry Moore, for two. Architect Chuck Basset of Skidmore, Owings and Merrill covets the great equestrian bronze on Dolores Boulevard at Market for the center of the grassy mall.

Walk downstairs and go north on Battery to see Mark Adams' mosaic "Shooting Star" in the lobby of the Richard Henry Dana building and the bronze "Pacific Bird" by Seymour Lipton in Custom House Plaza. Then end this art-walk by locating the new Gateway Theater, Jackson off Battery, a branch of the Berkeley Cinema Guild, which will open in July with "Chushingura," a contribution to culture in another medium.

In this mundane world, we use the word "power" all too frequently. "Glory," the old-fashioned world coupled with it in the Lord's Prayer, is seldom heard, perhaps because it is so rare a quality. Yet there is no better word to accurately describe the architectural crown of Cathedral Hill, as the eminence at Geary and Gough streets has come to be known.

The new St. Mary's Cathedral, now a year old, has true glory.

Forget the witticisms bandied about during the cathedral's construction. If you haven't walked around and in it, don't put it off another minute. Once inside that resplendent set of hyperbolic paraboloids, they will never again seem to you like a washing machine agitator. Nor indeed, given the right shadow, like a woman's breasts.

There is certainly nothing in San Francisco to compare with St. Mary's great cross in the sky. It may be there is nothing comparable this side of Coventry, England.

To make this walk, transport yourself to the southwest corner of Octavia street and Geary boulevard, preferably by the Geary bus. Once you reach it, you'll discover Octavia at this point has been renamed Cleary court, a perfect opportunity for a rhymester. Stand at Cleary and Geary for a moment to see how elegantly located within the city the cathedral really is.

A girl's school and a supermarket were relocated to give it this ideal site. Nearer at hand, notice how well situated the building is in relation to the other new towers and townhouses of the recently redeveloped Western Addition, another legacy from the late redevelopment director, M. Justin Herman.

Finally observe that the soaring shape on its sturdy pylons, the result of close collaboration between Pier Luigi Nervi, Pietro Belluschi and the local team of Angus McSweeney, Paul Ryan and John Lee, has been well placed on its own plot of land.

The red brick below contrasts neatly with the travertine marble facing of the building, like an elegant, well set jewel, to give it a spaciousness that belies the traditional inward look of a classic cathedral close. This close is open.

It may also be the most stunning parking lot yet devised in San Francisco, hiding, as it does, much of its contents under bridges. Schutter of San Rafael did the landscaping which includes at least one biblical plant, Aaron's Beard.

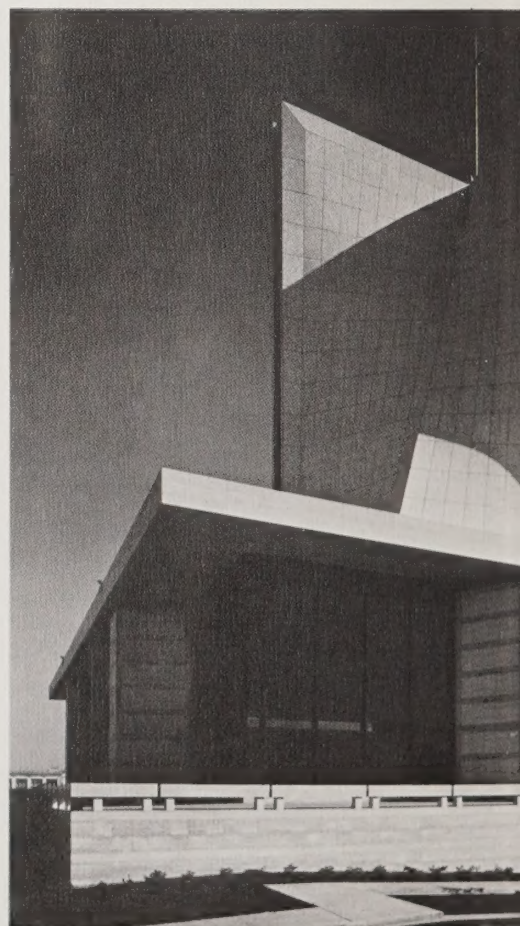
To explore the upper plaza, walk south on Cleary court, past Eichler-built condominiums, for half a block to reach one of the bridges. Cross it and you are immediately at one of the many entrances. Resist the great urge to go in at once and instead, bear right.

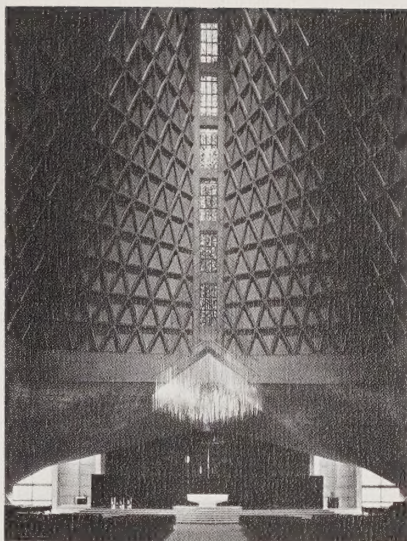


Glory of Cathedral Hill

(November 16, 1971)

By Margot Patterson Doss





As you walk, Twin Peaks, the San Miguel hills, and smog permitting, Santa Clara's hills, come into view. In the foreground, the Cathedral High School is below on Ellis street, flanked by a convent on one side, by a rectory on the Gough

street side.

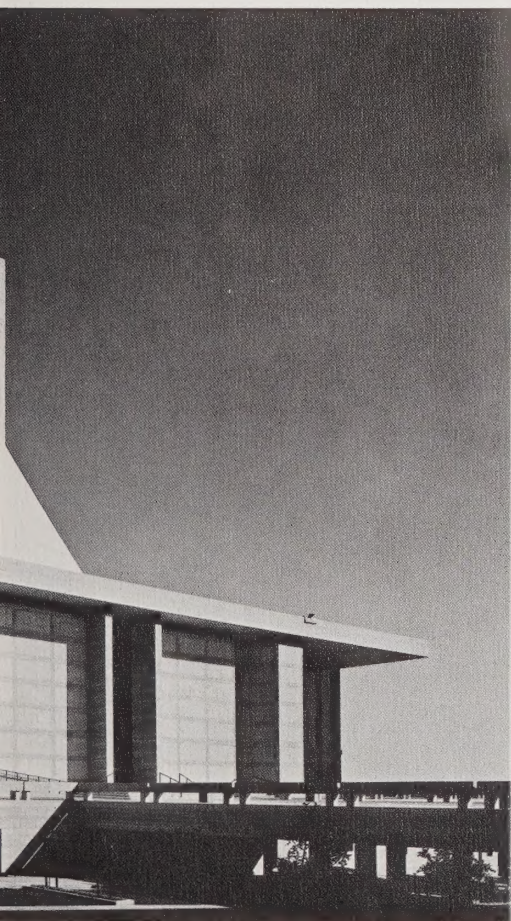
Look toward Laguna at Ellis to spot the relocated Lucky market. After noticing City Hall's rich green dome, bear left at Gough and begin to look for the many neighboring churches in the environs. Unitarian, Lutheran, Presbyterian and Baptist are the nearest. Cathedral offices are under the Gough street ramp, for those who would like to find the bookstore and Cathedral Hall.

For the full experience, however, make the full circuit of the grounds and enter at the great Geary street doors. Brass gates to be backed by stained glass are being created in Milan for it. Go in, preferably for the 10:30 a.m. or 12:15 p.m. Mass on Sunday, Monsignor Thomas J. Bowe, J.C.D. and pastor of the cathedral, suggests.

How does one describe breathtaking exhilaration? This is the first response of most visitors as they look up for the first time at the soaring interior of the cupola, crossed by Gyorgy Kepes stained glass abstractions in colors of the earth, sky, fields, fire and sea.

Be seated, and when you can take your eyes from those spacious corner windows which make one feel that inside and out are merged, notice the Ruffati organ on its flower-like pedestal.

Then finally, look toward the altar, which faces the congregation by Vatican decree. That's the archbishop's coat of arms over the largest central chair, but you are not likely to notice once you discover the baldechino, as the mobile by sculptor Richard Lippold, which shelters the altar, is known. Originally the word was an Italian colloquialism for the cloth of Bagdad canopy used in churches of Rome to protect the sacred hosts in processions. This one, symbolic of prayer ascending, is the focal point of the cathedral. It vibrates on the stillest day and is as fascinating at the end of a long service as at the beginning.



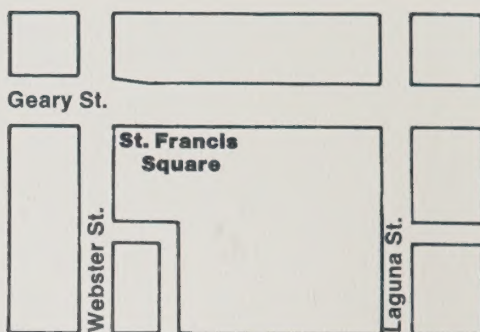
Here's the Heart of San Francisco

(October 25, 1964)

By Margot Patterson Doss

One mile west of Union Square, in what could certainly be called the heart of the City, there is a good, new, beautiful and inspiring place to live, and coincidentally to walk, called St. Francis Square. It is a place built to the human scale of three-story buildings set among rolling lawns, cobbled plazas, little lanes, well-placed benches and gardens whose riot of colors is matched only by the garden of children which plays beside the flowers.

St. Francis Square is not actually square. It stretches along Geary boulevard from Webster to Laguna street, and along Laguna to Ellis. If anything, it is three-quarters of a square, like a large soda cracker from which one segment has been carefully removed. The missing bite, the part included out, is a sorry and painful loss to St. Francis Square. To the observant walker, however, it presents a contrast so striking, so theatrical, it could serve as a stage set for "Dead End" or "Waiting for Lefty."



To see both, begin this walk at the southeast corner of Geary and Webster. Walk through the parking lot at a southeasterly cant to reach a lane, inaccessible except on foot, with the unlikely name of Maria Claudina. Like other lanes in St. Francis Square, it is named for an old sailing ship, appropriately enough since this community began as a joint endeavor of the Pacific Maritime Association and the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union.

As you walk south on Maria Claudina lane, notice that the houses face inward to the mall, shunning the noise and hurly-burly of street traffic. In a few paces another lane intersects, leading to sheltered play areas and a utility yard, happily





disguised with baffles. As enticing as this lane seems, for the moment bear south instead to O'Farrell street. The sunken garden you pass surrounds the laundromat—today's equivalent of the town pump.

At O'Farrell, you reach the ghetto. That the ghetto happens to be contained in Victorian houses, which under better husbandry are San Francisco's conceit, and a red-tiled school, not so different in its exterior from those in other old neighborhoods, is immaterial. Within the old houses are rats in the corridors and rat-bites in the cradles of infants. There are also broken windows, obscene graffiti, sour smells and sourer souls. Within the school, to San Francisco's shame, are other long entrenched ghetto symptoms, of which *de facto* segregation makes itself apparent to any walker who passes as the children pour out for recess or lunch. For instant contrast, look up at the overhead wires along the O'Farrell street perimeter of the school, then turn your eyes back to St. Francis Square to see the well-designed lamps with no visible means of power.

Two thoroughfares lead east past the school, both reserved for walkers. One is a straight shot. The other, a serpentine that parallels it but meanders through trees and around benches. Peter Winklestein, of the architectural firm Marquis and Stoller, which designed St. Francis Square, says the serpentine was meant for leisurely strolling and its neighbor for walkers-in-a-hurry,

children late for school, housewives who need to get home to put the roast in the oven, the mailman, the delivery boy.

As you walk through the courts, peep into one or another of the gardens to see the eternal variety of man's efforts. Many, like the children, reveal the racial backgrounds of the residents, with an oriental touch here, a tropical one there, stark driftwood in another, lush rose trees in a fourth. Of 298 families who live here, 54 per cent are Caucasian, 21 Negro, 15.5 Oriental and 9.5 per cent are described as interracial. Revels Cayton, the manager, who gets about St. Francis Square rapidly on a white Lambretta scooter, explains the latter with: "We have people married every which way."

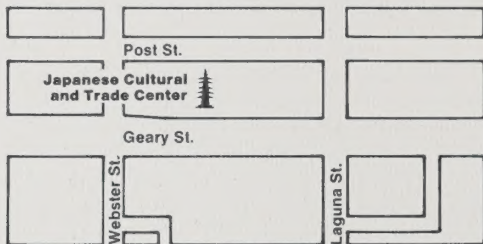
At his office, on the corner of Lottie Bennet and Western Shore lanes, Mr. Cayton has pictures of the sailing ships for which the streets are named. He also has great mimeographed stacks of statistics about the composition of this co-operative development, pamphlets which describe its merits in elaborate gobbledegook of governmental reports, and records of the block parties sometimes held in the outdoor plazas. But the good, the new, the beautiful and the hopeful are readily visible to any man on foot out in the lawns and tanbark play yards, where 250 pre-school kids of all the hues known to man play happily together.



Japan Town at Festival Time

(September 26, 1971)

By Margot Patterson Doss



What makes San Francisco a good walker's town? The answer, so simple it eludes people, is scale. Like the wonderfully walkable old cities of Europe and the Orient, old San Francisco's scale is that of a six-foot adventurer on his own two feet.

No place in the preautomotive age was situated further than a man could comfortably walk to and from in a day. It grew that way here of necessity in 1848-49 when available horses couldn't possibly accommodate the hordes that poured out of sailing ships seeking gold.

Off to a good start, the human dimension persisted up to the time of the highwaymen. That this scale has been maintained in the city through the last ten years of widespread urban redevelopment is thanks partly to the sensitivity of the late M. Justin Herman, who may come in time to be revered for his doughty qualities, like Uncle John McLaren, even by those who feared or hated him.

Part of Herman's genius was to give neighborhoods undergoing redevelopment what they wanted and needed, nicely refined by his own

high personal standards of what would be right architecturally and economically for San Francisco.

For the walker, one of the best examples of his success at this is the newly emerging Buchanan Mall in Nihonmachi. Now, when the Bon Odori autumn festival is taking place, is the best of times to walk it. For travelers who visited Tokyo in the postwar years of reconstruction, the festivities amid the carpentry will seem eminently oriental.

To make this walk, take any California street bus. The California street cable cars once went as far as Fillmore street and made accessible to greater building the Western Addition added to the city's limits in the Van Ness ordinance of 1855. Get off at Buchanan street and walk downhill. Notice the Victorian, Mid-Victorian, Victorian Gothic, Mansardic, Queen Anne, Colonial revival and shingle dwellings built here in the 1870's, 80's and 90's.

The Japanese, who had been longtime San Francisco residents of Chinatown, South Park and Stevenson street, flocked here after they were displaced in the Fire of '06. Subtle tree shaping and plant selection shows the long influence.

Look dead ahead to observe how the placement of the Peace Plaza, its flags, low verdigris roof, tall pagoda and small gardens cross Buchanan street like a T, making an interesting panorama that unconsciously quickens the step of a walker.

The Japanese feeling grows more intense as you reach Bush street, the northern boundary of the four-square-block redevelopment village whose residents and merchants chose the name Nihonmachi which translates literally as Japan Town.

When the project is completed, as originally proposed by Rai Okamoto, Buchanan Mall will be paved in brick or cobble for visual variety and to be easily closed off for festivals by movable potted trees. A pedestrian pathway, again of different material underfoot, will thread like a unifying trail as a signal to walkers that this is a discovery route.

Intimate sidestreet shops, teahouses and restaurants will be tucked away in odd nooks and crannies as they are in Japan.

At Sutter street, which may one day have an automotive underpass, the long familiar Japanese shops are on the verge of a move. Stop a moment and look at the east side of the street to fix the name of favorites in your mind. When you next walk through here they may have moved to the opposite side of the street, the first to be finished.

The new Toho theatre, devoted to first-run Japanese pictures, and a teahouse are already com-

pleted. Notice the watch tower and outdoor stage. Like the wooden tower across the street in the Japanese Cultural and Trade Center it has a drum platform. In villages of old Japan, such towers were used in times of danger or council to call the tribes together.

Come at the right time during Bon Odori and you may have the drummer Tanaka signaling an impending street event. Japanese folk songs and dance, martial arts, a street dance, and a display of arts and crafts made at the evacuation camps during World War II are all part of the festival.

As distracting as these may be, be sure to walk west on Post street until you find the attractive mini-park with its moon bridge beyond Mount Pilgrim church.

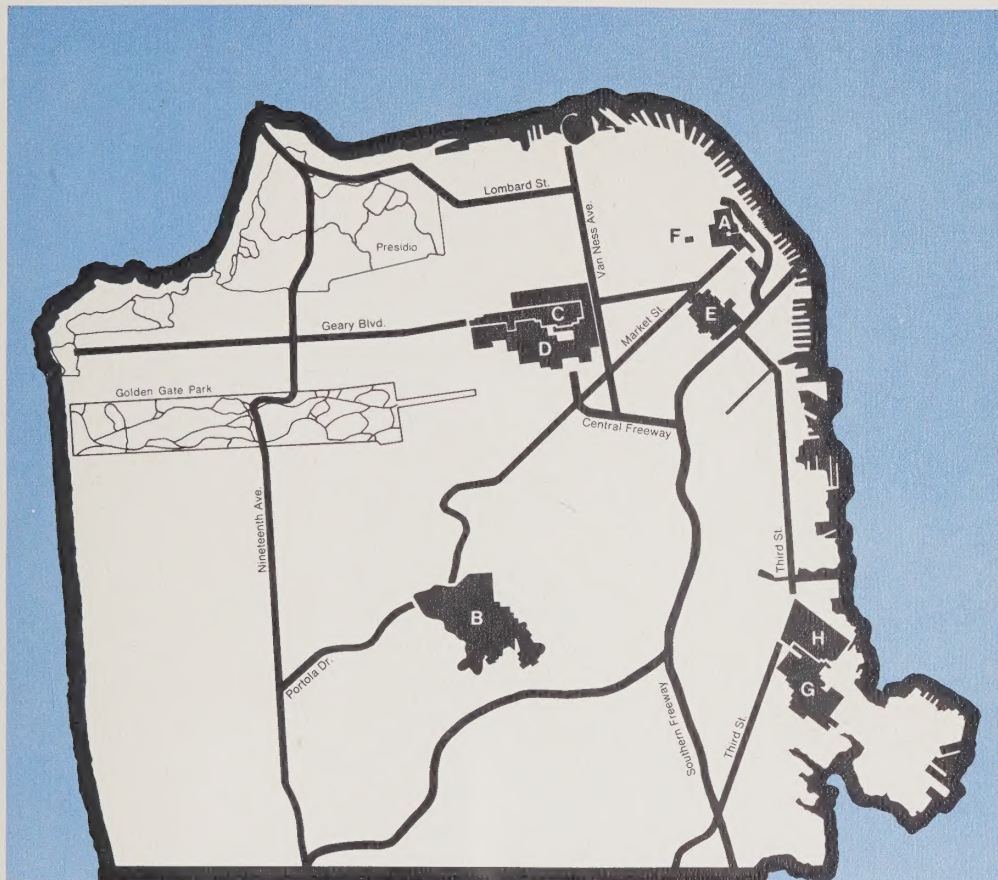




About the Author:

Margot Patterson Doss is a celebrated San Francisco Bay Area journalist, conservationist and perambulator. Her Sunday staple, "San Francisco at Your Feet," has been a must for thousands of **San Francisco Chronicle** readers and walkers for years. She is also the author of two books, "Golden Gate Park at Your Feet" and "Bay Area at Your Feet," available at all book stores or Chronicle Books, 54 Mint Street, San Francisco, California 94103.

Ms. Doss and the **Chronicle** have graciously given their permission to reprint the five redevelopment area strolls contained herein. Rather than tamper with her flavorful style, we have republished the columns without editing. Some things have changed over the years—St. Francis Square has a different manager, elementary school segregation has been modified, Carlo's Gourmet in the Golden Gateway is now the very successful Marenzi's, and, of course, M. Justin Herman, another celebrated writer and walker, has since died. But the essential stroll material remains accurate and inviting—and the San Francisco Redevelopment Agency takes special pride in presenting the columns as a practical and entertaining Do It Yourself Guide to several important renewal areas.



REDEVELOPMENT IN SAN FRANCISCO

A—GOLDEN GATEWAY

B—DIAMOND HEIGHTS

C—WESTERN ADDITION, AREA A-1

D—WESTERN ADDITION, AREA A-2

E—YERBA BUENA CENTER

F—CHINESE CULTURAL & TRADE CENTER

G—HUNTERS POINT

H—INDIA BASIN INDUSTRIAL PARK

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